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The Tally-ho, or, Sporting songster

Devonport [England]

[18--]

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KEYS'S Edition, Devonport, Publisher of 16 sorts of Penny Song Books.

THE

TALLY-HO

OR

Sporting Songster;

CONTAINING A CELEBRATED COLLECTION OF

ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH, COMIC, HUNTING, LOVE, BACCHANALIAN, SENTIMENTAL, AND SEA SONGS.

CONTENTS:

I dreamt of marble halls
Going ober de mountain
Tally-ho
John Barleycorn
Young Ben the Yankee
Paul Jones
I'm ninety-five
Return of the Admiral
The dangers of the sea; or, come sit thee down
The heart bow'd down
I wish I'd a thousand a year
The Gipsy Tent
Maiden I will ne'er deceive thee
The Fox Chase
The Rose of Allandale
Highland Mary
A dream of Napoleon
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The Drover Boy
The Merry Bells of England
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The brave Old Oak
Knight of the Golden Crest
Kate Kearney
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Biddy, the Basket Woman
Come, Love, dance the Polka with me
We have lived and loved together
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The Anchor's weigh'd
Will Watch
Adieu, my native Land
You shouldn't buy Tripe on a Friday
The voice of her I love
The Pope he leads a happy life
The Shannon and Chesapeak
My pretty Jane

THE

TALLY-HO

OR

Sporting Songster;

CONTAINING A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF

HUMOROUS, IRISH, SCOTCH, COMIC, ROMANTIC, LOVE,
BACCHANALIAN, SENTIMENTAL, AND SEA SONGS.

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We have lived and loved together
I'm a poor shipwrecked Mariner
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Hibernian Venice
The Anchor's weigh'd
Will Watch
Adieu, my native Land
Tom Bowline's Boy Tipe and Tarry
The voice of her I love
The Rose be bonds a happy life
The Shannon and Chesapeak
My pretty Jane

PN970-E5 TALLY

THE TALLY-HO; OR, SPORTING SONGSTER.

I dreamt of Marble Halls.

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
And I also dreamt (which charm'd me most)
That you lov'd me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors besought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
That they pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of this noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
Yet I also dreamt (which charm'd me most)
That you lov'd me still the same.

Going ober de Mountain.

OH! here I am: both old and young,
Listen to my funny song;
I'll sing to you one not very long,
Of going ober de mountain.

CHORUS.

Fare de well, my own true lub,
Fare de well, my darling!
Oh, good bye, my nigger gal,
I am going ober de mountain.

I fell in lub wid a nigger gal,
And she thought I was a good pal;
But I am forced to leave my gal,
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain.

My poor gal began to cry,
And vid a cloth she vipe her eye:
She told me dat she would die,
If I went ober de mountain.

My poor gal did faint away,
Then on the ground she did lay,
And I heard all the people say,
Him going ober de mountain.

Oh, from de ground my gal did rise,
And vith my coat I viped her eyes;
Says I, lawk, my gal, how you cries,
'Cause I'm going ober de mountain.

I kissed my nigger gal and pressed her hand,
Her eyes ran like a fountain;
So good bye all my friends at home:
I'm going ober de mountain.

Now all good people I hab done,
And I hope you will buy a song,
For you see I want some browns
To help me ober de mountain.

Tally-ho!

HARK! hark! 'tis the sound of the musical horn,
O'er woodland and plain by Zephyrus borne!
Arouse ye, my lads, let's away to the field,
And enjoy the dear sport to which all others yield:
For nought gives to me such a rapturous glow,
As the pleasure of hearing the word "Tally-ho."

To the covert we hasten—the hounds are thrown in—
And Reynard, by flight, tries his safety to win;
Awake to the nearer approach of his foes,
He takes the alarm, while, as skulking he goes,
The sportsmen salute him with one view, halloo!
"Gone away!" cry the huntsmen—"for hark! Tally-ho!"

What heavenly music it is to be sure,
How they dash and press on when the scent is secure.
O'er hill and thro' valley, so rattling's the pace,
You'd swear that the horsemen were riding a race!
And a race they are riding—for see, how they go;
Now they view him again!—"Hark! hark Tally-ho!"

The old hounds press forward and head the loud cry,
Too certain a sign that poor Reynard must die!
Alas! he but reaches the covert in view,
His last gasp to sigh where his first breath he drew!

While Echo resounds from the meadows below,
The joyous "who-whoop!" which succeeds "Tally-ho!"

John Barleycorn.

THERE were three kings lived in the East,
Three kings both great and high,
And they had sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they had sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry sun of summer came,
When he grew thick and strong;
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taken a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
They ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like rogues for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
Then laid him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
He crush'd him between two stones.

And they have taken his true heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn's a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joys;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' tears were in her eyes.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great prosperity
Ne'er fail in old England.

Young Ben the Yankee.

UNCLE Ben was a very strange man,
Deny the fact, who is there can?
But now, kind folks, if you'll permit,
About his brother I'll sing a bit.

For sich a tarnation chap was young Ben the Yankee,
Sich a wonderful chap you never did see.

Once for a wager he walked so fast,
That when the winning post had passed,
It took him just four months and a day
To stop his legs from running away.
For sich, &c.

In a duel, once, he did engage,
His foe fired first in a mighty rage,
But with his mouth the ball of lead
He blew back through his enemy's head.
For sich, &c.

Having once some friends with him to dine,
He made a cask of such strong wine,
That it made his friends, their brats, and wives
Vile drunken sots the rest of their lives.
For sich, &c.

A father he was so kind and mild,
He could not bear to beat his child,
And to prevent his doing so,
He chopp'd his hands off at one blow.
For such an affectionate father, &c.

At gardening he was clever, too,
A wonderful apple tree, once, he grew,
Each year this apple tree did bear,
Neither more nor less than the half of a pear (pair). For sich, &c.

At making candles he gained great fame,
And put the chandlers every man to shame,
These candles, gents—indeed 'tis true,
The longer burnt the longer grew.
For sich, &c.

At making speeches he could outwit
Long-winded Brougham, Fox, or Pitt,
One was so long—'tis truth depend,
That like many now, 'twas without an end.
For sich, &c.

Hauling, once, a whale into a ship,
The fish somehow gave them the slip,
Young Ben jump'd in, nor thought of death,
And in less than a week, dragg'd him back,
out of breath. For sich, &c.

Once, his own likeness, asleep, he took,
Which did so much like nature look,
That a foe of his, the deed pray note,
Stepp'd in and cut the picture's throat.
For sich, &c.

An acutish doctor young Ben was,
He cured all his patients, that's quite pos,
For though he sent home to death's black pit, [admit.
Still he stopp'd their complaints you must
For sich, &c.

Such a sound sleeper was this chap,
How long do you think he took to nap?
Believe me, gents, I do not joke,
He once actually slept until he woke.
For sich, &c.

He made glass eyes so well, that he
Could make the blind right well to see,
I'll tell you how this came to pass,
These strange eyes were made of looking glass. For sich, &c.

He, once, on a friend's nose a flea did see,
And ere the luckless flea could flee,
He took his gun, pray gents don't scoff,
And the nail of its little toe blew off.
For sich, &c.

Two years ago he jump'd so high,
That egad, he jumped beyond the sky,
And 'twill be at least a year or twain,
Ere he'll arrive on earth again.
For sich, &c.

Paul Jones.

AN American frigate, call'd the Richard by name,
Mounted guns forty-four, from New York she came; [fame,
To cruise in the Channel of old England's
With a noble Commander, Paul Jones was his name.

We had not cruised long before two sails we espied,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise,
Fifty bright shipping well loaded with stores,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shores.

'Bout the hour of twelve we came alongside,
With a long speaking trumpet; whence came you, he cried,
Come, answer me quickly, I'll hail you no more,
Or else a broadside into you I will pour.

We fought them four glasses four glasses so hot,
Till forty brave seamen lay dead on the spot,
And fifty-five more lay bleeding in gore,
While the thund'ring large cannons of Paul Jones did roar.

Our carpenter being frightened, to Paul Jones did say,
"Our ship, she leaks water since fighting to-day;"
Paul Jones, he made answer in the height of his pride,
If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside.

Paul Jones, he then smiled, and to his men did say,
"Let every man stand the best of his play,
For broadside, for broadside, they fought on the main,
Like true buckskin heroes we return'd it again."

The Ceraphus wove round our ship for to rake,
Which made the proud hearts of the English to ache,
The shot flew so hot, we could not stand it long,
Till the bold British colours from the English came down.

Oh now, my brave boys, we have taken a rich prize,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise!
God, help the poor mothers that have reason to weep,
For the loss of their sons in the unfathom'd deep.

I'm Ninety-five.

I'M ninety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive;
I'm ninety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive.
The men all strove to gain my heart,
I'm blunt to cupid's piercing dart;
Men are so sly, they wink their eye,
But that, though I can plainly see.
Then pity my sex who wrong have gone,
That's led by the twirl of a husband's tongue.

As for me, I'll be free,
Love shall never conquer me,
Fal lal ral lal, fal lal, &c.

When I was young, when I was young,
I found out man's deceitful tongue;
When I was young, &c.,
They oft would flatter, hoax, and coax,
To gain my love, by funny jokes;
But I know still, they'd have their will,
And shake me off like easy gloves.
Higly, pigly, fie, for shame,
It is the female sex I blame,
Who ought to know with all their loves,
That men are hawks and we are doves.

Do you think I'd marry? oh! no, not I,
To have six brats to squall and cry;
Do you think I'd marry, &c.,
Six brats I was to have, I know,
The fortune teller told me so;
And more than that, she told me flat,
My husband then from me would fly.
Higly, pigly, needles and pins,
Matrimony and sorrow begins;
A maid I'll live, and a maid I'll die,
Since man's love to me is all my eye.

Beware ye then, beware ye then,
Of vile, deceitful, artful men;
Beware ye then, &c.,
And when they whisper in your ear,
My duck, my dove, my dearest dear;
Oh! don't believe, for they'll deceive,
Oh! have a doubt on all they say;
Think how you'd have to wash and blue,
And mend the holes in his stockings, too,
While they with others strut about,
Oh! Heaven be prais'd, I've found them out.

Once more before I say good-bye,
Avoid that man that winks his eye;
Once more before, &c.,
He often will your fingers press,
Your former beauty praise and bless;
Your heart is gone, you feel forlorn,
And then becomes his lassie, O!
There's nought but strife in a wedding ring,
So merry and single I'll dance and sing,
And drink to all maids both old and young,
In a bumping glass of sherry, O!
Fal lal ral lal, fal lal, &c.

Return of the Admiral.

HOW gallantly, how merrily,
We ride along the sea;
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.

All nature knows our triumph,
Strange birds about us sweep—
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep.
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark,
Oh! proud must be our Admiral,
Of such a bonny barque.

Oh! proud must be our Admiral,
Though he is pale to-day,
Of twice five-hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;
Who've fought for him, and conquer'd;
Who've won with sweat and gore;
Nobility, which he shall have,
Whene'er he touch the shore.

Oh, would I were an Admiral,
To order with a word,
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And straight rise up a lord;
I'd shout to yon sharks there,
Which follow in our lee,
Some day I'll make thee carry me
Like lightning through the sea.

Our Admiral grew paler,
And paler as we flew,
Still talk'd he to the officers,
And smiled upon the crew;
And he look'd up at the Heavens,
And he look'd down on the sea,
And at last he saw the creature
That was following in our lee.

He shook—'twas but an instant,
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied;
It threw boldness on his forehead,
Gave firmness to his breath,
And he look'd like some warrior
Now risen up from death.

That night a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay,
And we knew our fine old Admiral
Was changing into clay;
And we heard the dash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
But a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows on our lee.

Till morn we watch'd the body,
In its dead and ghastly sleep;
And next evening, at sunset,
It was flung into the deep,
And never from that moment,
Save one shudder in the sea,
Saw we or heard the creature
That had followed in our lee.

The dangers of the Sea; or, come sit thee down.

COME sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love;
Come sit thee down by me, love;
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea;—
Of the perils of the deep, love,
Where the angry tempests roar;
And the raging billows wildly dash
Upon the groaning shore;
And the raging billows wildly dash
Upon the groaning shore.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love;
Come sit thee down by me, love;
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea.
The skies are flaming red, my love,
The skies are flaming red, love;
And darkly rolls the mountain wave,
And rears its monstrous head;
While skies and ocean blending,
And bitter howls the blast;
And the daring tar 'twixt life and death,
Clings to the shatter'd mast;
And the daring tar 'twixt life and death,
Clings to the shatter'd mast.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love;
Come sit thee down by me, love;
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea.

The heart bow'd down.

THE heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought an impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring;
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown;
But mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past—
Or moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last;
To long-departed years extend
Its visions with them flown;
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

I wish I'd a Thousand a Year.

I WISH I'd a thousand a year,
How happy and joyous I'd be;
For nothing should I have to fear,
And sorrow would vanish from me.
I'd help both the poor and distress'd;
I'd dry the lone widow's sad tear;
The orphans that mourn should be blest;
If I had a thousand a year.
Oh, I wish, &c.

No matter whate'er might betide,
If Providence bless'd me with health,
Doing good should be ever my pride,
And thus would I scatter my wealth;
All this would I do, d'ye see,
The hungry and naked to cheer;
All around should be happy and free,
If I had a thousand a year.
Oh, I wish, &c.

So now, my friends, take my advice,
When charity's cause shall appear,
Do your best, aye, and that will suffice,
As though you'd a thousand a year.
You'll then have the thanks of the poor,
And with it warm gratitude's tear:
Oh, nothing would I covet more,
If I had a thousand a year.
Oh, I wish, &c.

The Gipsy Tent.

OUR fire on the turf and tent 'neath the tree,
Carousing by moonlight so merry are we:
Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall;
But the home of the gipsies is widest of all.
We laugh at our cups and shout loud as we will,
'Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill:
No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent
To the wondrous life in the gipsies' tent.
Pant you for beauty? and where would you seek
Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek?
Our limbs they move nimbly, and bounding with health,
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.

We have nought to controul us, we rest or we roam,
Our will is our law, and the world is our home;
Even Jove would repine at his lot if he spent
The night of wild glee in the gipsies' tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot:
We have sins; and pray where is there one who has not?
We are rogues, arrant rogues, but remember, its rare
That we take but from those who can very well spare:
You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame;
But if great ones heard truth you might tell them the same;
For there's many a king would have less to repent,
If his throne was as pure as a gipsy's tent.

Maiden I will ne'er deceive thee.

MAIDEN I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee, never grieve thee;
Take this hand, and we will go,
Where the early violets blow.
In the still and shady grove,
Where I dare to tell of love,
Maiden smile or ere we part,
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden I will ne'er, &c.

Happy was I ere I knew thee,
Wherefore should thy chains pursue thee,
Like the rainbow's fitful beams,
Like thy image in the stream,
When I think thy bosom won,
Cloud that brow and hope is gone.
Maiden I will ne'er, &c.

The Fox Chase.

THE sun had just peep'd his head over the hills,
And the plough-boy was whistling so blithe in the fields,
The birds they were singing so sweet on each spray,
Said the huntsman to his dogs, 'tally-ho! hark away.'

CHORUS.

Tally-ho, hark away! tally-ho, hark away.
Come, come my brave sportsmen, and make no delay; away,
Quickly saddle your horses, and let us brush
For the fox is in view and is kindled with scorn;
Come along, my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn;
He led us a chase more than fifty long miles,
Over hedges, over ditches, over gates, and over stiles;
Little David came up with his musical horn,
'We'll soon overtake him for his tail drags along.'
We follow'd him in chase six hours—full cry,
Tally-ho, hark away! for now he must die;
Now we'll cut off his brush with a hollowing noise,
And drink a good health to all fox-hunting boys.

The Rose of Allandale.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea;
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wandered forth with me.
Though flowers deck the mountain's side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander, east or west,
Though fate began to low'r;
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant barque,
And rent her shiv'ring sail;
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand;
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land!
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale;
Had fate not linked my lot to hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

Highland Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the langest tarry:
And there I took the last fareweel,
O' my sweet Highland Mary,

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Flew o'er me, and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
And clos'd, for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

In the dead hour of the night,
Through the churchyard I wander,
Right hearty well I know the place,
Where Mary she lays under;
I'll weep it o'er with tears of grief,
I'll sit and ne'er be weary;
For pleasure there is none to me,
Without sweet Highland Mary.

All round sweet Highland Mary's grave,
I'll plant the fairest lily,
The primrose sweet, and violets blue,
Likewise the daffodilly.
But since the world is grown so wide,
Through the wilderness I'll tarry;
Come, welcome death, the friend to me,
I'll sleep with Highland Mary.

A dream of Napoleon.

ONE night sad and languid I went to my bed,
And scarce had reclined on my pillow,
When a vision surprising came into my head,
Methought I was crossing the billow.
Methought as my vessel dashed over the deep
I beheld that rude rock that grows craggy and steep,
Ah! that rock where the willow is now seen to weep,
O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I dreamt as my vessel she near'd to the land
I beheld clad in green his bold figure:
The trumpet of Fame he clasp'd firm in his hand,
On his brow there sat valour and rigour.
'Ah, stranger,' he cried, 'hast thou ventured to me,
From the land of thy fathers who boast they are free?
If so, a true story I'll tell unto thee,
Concerning the once famed Napoleon!'
'Remember that year so immortal,' he cried,
'When I cross'd the rude Alps, fam'd in story,
With the legions of France—for her sons were my pride,
And led them to honour and glory!
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurl'd,
And whenever my banner the Eagle unfurl'd
'Twas the Standard of Freedom all over the world,
The signal of Fame,'—cried Napoleon.

'As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,
I have marched to the trumpet & cymbal,
But by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,
Though monarchs before me did tremble,
Now rulers and princes their station demean,
And like scorpions they spit forth their venom and spleen,
But Liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,'
As I woke from my dream cried Napoleon.

Jenny Jones.

MY name's Edward Morgan, I live at Llangollen,
The vale of St. Tafyd, the flower of North Wales;
My father and mother, too, live at Llangollen,
Good truth I was born in that sweetest of vales,
Yes, indeed, and all countries so foreign and beautiful,
That little valley I prize far above,
For indeed in my heart do I love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth do I love.
For twenty long years I have ploughed the salt ocean,
And served my full time in a man-o'war ship;
And 'dead, goodness knows, we had blood-shot engagements,
And many a dark storm on a pitiless deep.

And I've seen all the lands that are famous in story,
And many fair damsels to win me have strove;
But I said in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth do I love.

I've seen good King George, and Lord Mayor of London,
With kings of far countries, and many a queen;
The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess of Dangouleme,
Up from King George, to Sir Watkin I've seen.
But no, not Princesses, Kings, Dukes, nor Commissioners,
No, goodness knows it, my envy could move;
For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth do I love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my father,
And left Jenny Jones then a cockit young lass;
But now I'm returned a storm beaten old mariner,
Jenny from Jones into Morgan shall pass.
And we'll live on our cheese, and our ale in contentment,
And long through our dear native valley we'll rove;
For indeed in our hearts we both love that Llangollen,
And sweet Jenny Morgan in truth will I love.

Young Napoleon; or, the Bonny Bunch of Roses.

BY the dangers of the ocean,
One morning in the month of June,
The feathered warbling songsters,
So sweetly their notes did tune:
I overheard a damsel,
Seemingly in grief and woe,
Conversing with young Buonaparte,
Concerning the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

Then up spoke young Napoleon,
And grasp'd his mother by the hand,
Saying, "Mother dear, have patience,
Until I am able to command.
I will raise a terrible army,
And through tremendous dangers go;
In spite of all the universe,
I will gain you the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"O son, don't speak so venturesome,
For England has the hearts of oak;
There are England, Ireland, and Scotland,
Their unity has ne'er been broke.
O son, look at your father,
In St. Helena his body lies low,
And you will follow after,
So beware of the bonny Bunch of Roses, O.

"When first you saw great Buonaparte,
You fell down on your bended knees;
You asked your father's life of him,
He granted it most manfully.
Its then he took an army,
And through the frozen realms did go;
He said, "I will conquer Moscow,
Then go to the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"He took a terrible army,
With kings and princes to join his throng;
He was so well provided,
Enough to sweep the world along:
But when he came near Moscow,
Being overpowered by driven snow,
And Moscow was a blazing,
So he lost the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

"O mother, dearest mother,
Its now I am on my dying bed;
If I had lived I'd been clever,
But now I droop my youthful head.
But while our bones do moulder,
And weeping willows o'er grow,
The deeds of bold Napoleon
Will sting the bonny Bunch of Roses, O."

Why do you look so shy, Love?

AIR.—"John Anderson my Joe."

WHY do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er I name the day?
While blushing, softly sigh, love,
And gently turn away.
Why do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er our glances meet?
And fall thy soft dark eye, love,
In bashful smile more sweet.
Why do you look so shy, love,
Whene'er I press thy hand?
And sigh a soft reply, love,
We only understand.

Why do you look so shy, love,
Come deign, dear Liz, to say?
Fain would I gently try love,
To scare your fears away.

Why do you look so shy, love,
Why do you look so shy?
Come prithee tell me why, love,
Why do you look so shy?

The Irish New Policeman.

YOUR pardon, gents and ladies all;—
Listen awhile to me and my blarney;
Straight from Dublin town I came,
Faith! my name is Michael Carney.
Trade was scarce and luck was bad;
Humblings, grumbling, ne'er did cease man,
Till straight to town I came, egad,
And soon was made a new policeman.

CHORUS.

Ranting, rolliking, Irish joys,
Always wrangling, never at peace, man:
Kissing the girls, wolloping boys:
Whack! rioting new policeman.

I greased my brogues—to Milford goes—
Told my case up, neat and handy—
Got me this new suit of clothes:
Faith! I'm quite an Irish dandy.
My whiskers, like a forest grown,
With the girls I am quite gaily:
Then for to wollop the boys, och, hone!
Thunder alive! I've got a shelaghly.

There isn't a yard nor a garden wall
About the town, but I can scale it;
And if I find anything at all,
Why, wouldn't I be a fool not to take it?
Next day there is a hue and cry,
Something's stolen! but to be brief man,
Oh! by the okey! who but I
Is running about to catch the thief, man.

Suppose, in walking out at night,
In every hole and corner creeping,
Something I spy by the pale moonlight,—
Oh! by my soul, there's a gentleman sleeping.
His pockets I grope, his money I take,
Then with my stick in his ribs I am jobbing him;
And if, perchance, the fool should wake,
I tell him I think a thief was robbing him.

If there's no row in the whole street,
Don't myself know how to raise one;—
I knocks the first man down I meet,
And kicks up a shindy, fit to craze one,
Then he resists, and I've a job—
Lock him up and swear he's riotly:
Next day the scoundrel's fined ten bob,
Because myself must not murder him quietly.

I'm known to all the prigs in town—
To learned thieves well known my face is,
The frail ones, too, my favours own,
And charge me naught for sweet embraces.
And if they're going a house to rob,
Don't I watch, (as is my duty);
But never splits about the job,
For don't myself get half the booty?

I'm known to all the servant maids,
For beef and mutton I've an itching:
And being caught I'm ne'er afraid,
Because, don't I go to guard the kitchen.
Do not the blessed scriptures say,
"Multiply," to all?—"increase men;"
And if they'll only come in my way,
I'll fill the town with new policemen.

The Drover Boy.

I'M a merry hearted mountain drover boy,
And a Switzer brave and free!
My days are pass'd in a round of joy,
And none so blithe as me,
At morn from the hill, with right good will,
My scrip I fill so gaily, O;
My horn I blow with a merry hey ho,
And away goes the drover boy.
Hey ho, &c.

I'm a captain bold of a troop so fine,
As you'd see in a summer's day;
An ill word 'gainst that brave herd of mine,
I should like to hear who'd say;
At eve to the spring my kine I bring,
My sweet little flock so gaily, O;
When my horn I blow you should hear how they low,
At the sound of the drover boy.
Hey ho, &c.

I've a pretty little love, like the snowdrop fair,
Whose smile is the soul of glee,
Say an ill word of her, if any one dare,
They must answer it unto me.
At eve with the drove, as homeward I rove,
To my sweet little dove so gaily, O!
When my horn I blow how well does she know
The call of her drover boy.

The Merry Bells of England.

THE merry bells of England, how I like to hear them sound,
The gladsome chime of olden time, that spreadeth joy around;
They ring from moss-clad steeples, amid the cottage band,
And send their sound of revelry over our happy land;
They sound from stately edifice, from many an old church tower,
The rich and poor alike can feel the influence of their power:
To every heart their tones impart, from memory's dearest spells,
For a Briton's native music is old England's merry bells.

O the merry bells of England, their chimes ring loud and free,
To hail again, of land or main, some well-fought victory;
To England's brave, in honour's grave their music seems to say—
"The memory of our glorious deeds shall never pass away:"
And off to ring the village bells to hail each happy pair,
When nuptial vows the twain have bound, love's heart and home to share;
There's not a sound can e'er rebound, in which such music dwells,
As in Briton's native music, old England's merry bells.

O the merry bells of England! what rapture fills the scene,
When their joyous peals the day reveals the birthday of our Queen;
As 'mid the shout their tones ring out and voices clear and gay,
Proclaim a nation's homage on Victoria's natal day.
O may they sound as times come round, to fill with joy the air,
On many a happy birth-day of old England's royal fair!
There's naught a people's loyalty more truly, clearly tells,
Then a Briton's native music, old England's merry bells.

My Master's Gun.

I'M a 'prentice boy, my name is Bob,
The tale I've oft related,
They bound me to a dirty snob,
A trade I always hated.
The lapstone I did daily shun,
The sight of a stirrup alarm'd me,
So off I run with my master's gun,
To enlist in the Spanish Army
With master's gun
I fought my way to glory.

Some balls of wax, with hemp and tacks,
I thought might be required,
To give our foes some precious whacks,
When all the shots were fir'd.
In battle did I mock their tricks,
And when they thought of beating,
I fired my wax against their backs,
And sent them all retreating.
With master's, &c.

Then off they ran like hounds in packs,
But quick did we entail them,
Instead of wax, I fired my tacks,
Till all of a bunch I nail'd them;
Then I took out my hemp so fine,
That was in my knapsack hoarded,
Among their troops I did it entwine,
Which now you will find recorded.

General Evans came up to me,
Said he, "Bob show no quarter;
You're a valiant youth I plainly see,
And you shall marry my daughter."
Said I, "the fight will soon be done,"
Their ramparts then I dash'd on,
And with this gun the battle won,
At the siege of St. Sebastian.

At legs and arms I fir'd away,
And some of their nobs I twisted;
Thinks I, I'll make them rue the day,
That a 'prentice boy enlisted.
And soon I brought their colours down,
Which caused a great attraction,
And did my head with glory crown,
What glorious satisfaction.

You'll hear of my fame where'er you walk,
In songs, and magazines, too;
And shall for ever be the talk,
Of soldiers and marines, too.
I'll say before I make my bow,
Tho' perhaps you may laugh hearty,
I'm called by all the Spaniards, now,
The British Bonspartey.

The brave Old Oak.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the green-wood long!
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild mid-night,
When the storm through his branches shout.
CHORUS.
Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the skies with cold,
Had brighten'd his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May,
And on that day to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone—they are dead—in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's to the oak, &c.

He saw the rare time, when the Christmas chime
Was a merry, merry sound to hear,
When the 'squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were filled with good English cheer,
Now gold hath the sway—we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend,
To be toss'd on the stormy sea.
Then here's to the oak, &c.

Knight of the Golden Crest.

THE banner wav'd on the castle walls,
'Mid the shouts of a trusty band;
When a Knight returned to his princely hall,
From the wars of the Holy Land.
His lady had left her harp, and stood
To gaze on the smiling west,
Whence came a dark steed from the distant wood,
With her Knight of the golden crest.

The silken scarf her true Knight display'd,
Which in earlier days she wove,
When he breath'd his vows in the twilight shade,
And was blest with her maiden love.
She welcom'd her lord with accents bland,
And the scarf to her lips she press'd,
And thought of the time when she gave her hand
To the Knight of the golden crest.

Kate Kearney.

OH HAVE you not heard of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney:
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney,
Her eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;
Yet oh! I can tell, how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

After many roving years.

AFTER many roving years,
How sweet it is to come,
To the dwelling-place of early years,
Our first and dearest home!
To turn away those weary eyes,
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in the summer fields
Amid the trees and flowers.

But I am chang'd since last I gaz'd
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch elm,
That shades the village green,
And watch'd my boat upon the brook,
As 'twere a regal gallery,
And sigh'd not for a joy on earth,
Beyond the happy valley.

I would I could recall once more,
That bless'd and peaceful joy,
And summons to this weary heart,
The feelings of a boy.
I gaze on scenes of fond delight,
Without that wanton pleasure,
As a miser on his bed of death,
Looks coldly on his treasure.

Biddy the Basket Woman.

IF ever you go to London town,
Just take a peep at Common Garden—
Market, I mean—there, I'll be bound
You'll get your name to a farthing.

Of fruit and flowers, whate'er you wish;
You'll find it there—I tell you true, man,
Whate'er you choose, a dainty dish,
Brought home by Biddy the Basket Woman.

CHORUS.

Search ould Ireland through and through,
England, Wales, and Scotland too, man,
The devil a one amongst the crew,
Can equal Biddy the Basket Woman.

Wasn't I at Waterloo,
With a good canteen of whisky too, man;
Few men did better their duty do,
Than Irish Biddy the Basket Woman!
When Mister Boney lost the sway,
Every man deserved his merits;
And I'm sure the glories of that day
Gave proof no soldier wanted *sperrits*.

Wid the Ministers I'm hand and glove,
To speak the truth there's no one bolder,
The reason I will tell you plain—
Pat Murphy's a ten-pound freeholder,
O'Connell he takes me by the fist,
And winks his eye as a sort of a hint—
He knows I come from Ireland—whict!
And I understand collecting *rint*.

At Belsham's I hold my *levee*,
Where my colleagues I always am treating;
Chaunt-seller Ketty drops in to tea,
And the pot-boy's my first Lord in waiting;
Tim Durphey's the Master of the Rolls,
I'm speaker among the petticoats there;
We've councils, elections, hustings, polls,
But *Lushington* gets all our votes there.

My husband Pat has the sarvice seen,
At Larning's ladder all his trust is,
A *common* sergeant he has been,
But he thinks he'd make a good Chief Justice.
The Ordnance Board, sure has a gun,
Would *shoot* him—that's his proper quarter;
At *cannon* laws he's seen the fun,
But its *odd* he understands the *mortar*.

My handsome face prefarment claims;
And then our queen's a judge of beauty,
Besides that, she always aims
To honor those who do their duty.
Perhaps in the Common's House I'll sit,—
As a lady rules, it is but fair;
For such a place I know I'm fit,
For there's plenty of *ould ladies* there.

Ould Joey, you may fret and fume,
About that which nobody axes:
Kilkenny folks they'll find out soon,
The total amount of tithes and taxes.
Sir Andrew Agnew he may prate,
And say no work's to be done on Sunday,
The clargy they'll find that a trate,
For they'll have no meat to eat on Monday.

Although Melbourne had the knack,
Of coaxing, and got the queen to marry,
Yet like an old *Broom* he's had the sack,
No longer dares at court to tarry.
Soon Premier they will make of me,
As changing places all the trade is:
Then here's the Queen! 'with three times three,
The Duchess of Kent, and the rest of the ladies.'

Come, Love, dance the Polka with me.

DEAR youth, from the forest and mountain,
Oh! come neath the wild cherry tree!
My flax thread I've wash'd in the fountain:
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!
Like the waves of the Elbe madly bounding,
Let not the dark woodkies affright:
My mandaline long has been sounding;
Like Venus, I dance through the night.
Dear youth, &c.

Like wine, that glad dance would inspire me;
With transport 'twould fill every vein:
Should I dance through the night 'twould not tire me—
I would dance in the morning again.
What rapture, when heart to heart joining!
In thine eyes, love, as onward we go,
Through its magical circles entwining,
I must gaze, or I giddy should grow.
Dear youth, &c.

We have lived and loved together.

WE have liv'd and lov'd together,
Through many changing years;
We have shar'd each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow,
That was long unsoothed by thee,
For thy smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
In Autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor smiles that darken,
When the cloud of sorrow low'rs.
And though many such we've known, love,
For prone, alas! to range;
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We have liv'd and lov'd together,
Through many changing years,
We have shar'd each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future,
As the past hath been, will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy joys with me.

I'm a poor Shepherd Maid.

I'M a poor shepherd maid,
Faint with hunger and fright,
From my home I have strayed,
Through the dark stormy night;
Give me shelter, I pray,
My petition don't scorn—
I'm hungry and cold,
Broken-hearted, forlorn.
Pity, kind lady, you'll servant I'll be—
Pity, kind lady, have pity on me.

I will toil night and day,
To be grateful I'll try—
Do not send me away,
Unprotected to die;
Give me shelter, I pray,
My petition don't scorn—
I'm hungry and cold,
Broken-hearted forlorn.
Pity, &c.

A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
Before the sun peeps we'll briskly fly,
Sleep and a downy bed scorning.
Away, my boys, to horse away;
The chase admits of no delay;
Now on horseback we've got,
On horseback, on horseback, together we'll trot,
Together, together, away, my brave boys,
see the covets appear,
The hound that strikes first cheer him up without fear.

Drag him on, boyke! wind him my steady old hound,
Drag him on, boyke! wind him the coverts resound.

How completely the coverts of furze they draw;
Who talks of Seotine to Minel,
Old Dasher now flourishes through the shaw,
Saucebox rose out of his kennel.
Away they flew, as quick as thought,
The new sown ground soon made them fault,
Clap round the sheep stain, clap round, clap round!
Try back the deep plain, try back, try back!
Comfort bitch hits him off through the tall speering hedge;
Dragman, boy, leads him oft through the late new made hedge,
Hark forward! hark forward! hark forward! brave boys!
Hark forward! hark forward! zounds don't make a noise.

Thus we ride, whip, spur, for these four hours chase,
'Till our horses so panting and sobbing,
Old Dasher and Ringwood begin to race,
Ride on and give them some mobbing,
But hold, by Jove you'll spoil the sport,
For through the hounds you'll head them short.
Hark! Drummer, hark, hark; hark Turner! hark Turner!
He's dodging and jumping at every bush,
Old Vixen has fastened her tooth in his brush,
Whoop, tear him, whoop, tear him: he's fairly run down,
Whoop, tear him! whoop, tear him! give Joe his half-crown.

Girl of my Heart.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sun-shine that soften'd that scene
Was—a smile from the girl of my heart!
Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be blest
With—a smile from the girl of my heart.

Come then crosses, and cares as they may,
Let thy mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,
Is—a smile from the girl of my heart.

Beautiful Venice.

BEAUTIFUL Venice!—city of song—
What mem'ries of old to thy regions belong:
What sweet recollections cling to my heart,
As thy fast fading shores from my vision depart,
Oh, poesy's home is thy light colonnades,
Where the winds gently sigh, and the sweet twilight fades!
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me—
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea!

Beautiful Venice! queen of the earth!
Where dark eyes shine brightly 'mid music and mirth;
Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,
Often mingle their song with the dulcet guitar.
All that's lovely in life—all that's deathless in song—
Fair Italy's Isles to thy regions belong,
I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me—
Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea!

The Anchor's weigh'd.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more,
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break, a little moment stay,
Alas! I cannot, cannot part from thee,"
"The anchor's weigh'd; farewell, farewell, remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."
"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind,"
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be:
The anchor's weigh'd; farewell, farewell, remember me."

Will Watch.

'TWAS one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
And sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely
Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promised his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor asnore;
When his pockets were lin'd, why his life should be mended;
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, beside.
Will lay to till the night came on, darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail, then, he pip'd up each hand,
But a signal soon 'spied ('twas a prospect uncheery,)
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cried Will, we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys, we'll run.
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
Oh! oh! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about a sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or drown!

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words, see them kindly [obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and, my friends do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with;
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with;
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows the winds lotudly bellow;
You ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

Adieu, my Native Land.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu!
The vessel spreads her swelling sails,
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields, your flow'ry dales.
Delusive hope can charm no more:
Far from the faithless maid I roam;
Unfriended seek some foreign shore;
Unpitied leave my peaceful home.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh! farewell,
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies;
I hear thy solemn evening bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

In vain thro' shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes the rocky coast explore;
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light;
I view thy beacons now no more;
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear,
Be friendly,—bear me hence to find
That peace which fate denies me here.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

You shouldn't buy Tripe on a Friday.

RECITATIVE.

I'VE often heard my poor old granny say,
That Friday was a most unlucky day!
And as a proof old granny wasn't wrong,
O, listen, listen to my doleful song.

AIR.

Old Mrs. Snipe was fond of Tripe,
Sure no poor soul was thinner!
In Sunday clothes, to market goes,
On Friday, for a dinner.
But as she went along the road
She met with neighbour Tidy,
He heard her errand—lack-a-day!
And unto her those words did say—
'You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday.'

But on she went, the tripe she bought,
Though she was in a shiver;
She got a large piece for a groat,
Besides a hap'orth of liver!
As she returned, a large dog lay
With open mouth so wide, he
Snatch'd her liver, and ran away,
And barking, thus, he seem'd to say,
'You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday.'

Then home she went, with sorrow flat,
Such luck she'd ne'er before met!
And then she saw her tabby cat,
Sat mewing (*imitation of cat*) at the door mat.
Ah! puss, she cries, I can't be gay,
This seems to be a wry day;
Bu tpuss she mew'd, and round did play,
And thus to her she seem'd to say,
'You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday.'

But still she thought her tripe to eat,
So laid it on the dresser;
But pussy got it down so neat,
And soon she made it less, sir.
A large piece stuck, sirs, by the way,
Which chok'd her, neat and tidy;
She kick'd, and sprawl'd, and down she lay,
And as she died, she seem'd to say,
'You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday.'

The voice of her I love.

HOW sweet at close of silent eve,
The harp's reponsive sound,
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crown'd.
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove;
But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
In humble sphere to move;
Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

The Pope, he leads a happy life.

THE Pope, he leads a happy life;
He knows no cares of marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
But all happy's not his life.
He loves no maid, nor wedded wife:
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He lives a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will,
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.
But, yet he's not a happy man;
He must obey the Alcoran,
And dares not taste a drop of wine—
I would not that his fate were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand:
I'll drink my own, my native land—
I'll kiss my maiden's lip divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.
And when my maiden kisses me,
I'll fancy I the Sultan be!
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

The Shannon and Chesapeak.

"SHE comes, she comes, in glorious style,—
To quarters fly, ye hearts of oak!
Success shall soon reward our toil,"
Exclaim'd the gallant Captain Broke.
"Three cheers, my brave boys, let your ardour bespeak,
And give them a round from your cannon,
And soon they shall find that the proud Chesapeak
Shall lower her flag to the Shannon."

Lawrence, Columbia's pride and boast,
Of conquest counted sure as fate;
He thus address'd his haughty host,
With form erect and heart elate:—
"Three cheers, my brave boys, let your courage bespeak,
And give them a taste of your cannon;
And soon they shall know that the proud Chesapeak
Shall ne'er lower a flag to the Shannon.

Silent as death each foe drew nigh,
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace;
He exclaim'd while his looks did his ardour bespeak,
"Brave boys, they all flinch from their cannon;
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud Chesapeak
Shall soon be a prize for the Shannon.

Swift flew the word, Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where they came,
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And called aloud on mercy's name.
Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet exclaimed, "They have fled from their cannon;
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud Chesapeak
Has lower'd her flag to the Shannon.

The day was won, but Lawrence fell,
He closed his eyes in endless night:
And oft Columbia's sons will tell,
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
Survives to again play his cannon;
And his name, from the shores of the wide Chesapeak,
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon.

My pretty Jane.

MY pretty Jane! my pretty Jane!
Ah, never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear;
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, &c.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white,
And the village bells shall ring.
The spring, &c.

If I had a Donkey what wouldn't go.

If I had a donkey who wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wollop him? no, no, no.
How cruel mama I'd be, if I did so,
Because I hate all cruelty.
It all had been like me in fact,
There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's act.
Dumb animals to prevent getting crack'd on
the head.

If I had a donkey who wouldn't go,
I never would unfeelingly lick—no, no, no!
I'd give him corn and oil of gee (?)
And cause an Hostler.

What makes me mention this, the cause
I need that cruel chap, Bill Byers,
Whilst he was driving out his grocers,
His donkey wollop with all its force,
He hit him o'er the head and thighs,
He broke the bones up in his eyes—
At last my blood began to rise,
And I said—If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me, Sure perhaps,
You're one of those Mr. Martin's chaps,
What now is making [illegible] occasion.
All for to ile an [illegible]
Though this I plainly did deny,

And I replied, as I let it fly,
At his head—If I had a donkey, &
As Bill and I did by mutine parts,
To un-cure up some wot police,
And biked us off, as nice as ever,
After a stiffing Wollopers.
I told his worship all the pros,
And for to prove the untruth,
I wish'd he would the ordinal see.
For I said—If I had a donkey, &

Bill's donkey runs [illegible] cruel,
He wishes he were a devil at cruel,
He wish'd his ears and eyes were,
As if he wish'd to steal a mouse,
I prov'd I'd been unconscious kind,
The ass got a wexation—Bill got fined,
For his worship said I were of one mind,
And he said—If I had a donkey, &

Bill said—"your worship, its every bard
But 'tis I the [illegible] Donald
But times are coming by & by I pass,
When you must, I trust a reform see,
His worship said nothing, but shook his bod
So Bill at his orders took,
The same time across me took a look,
Bill said—If I had a donkey, &

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If I had a Donkey what wouldn't go.

IF I had a donkey who wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wollop him ? no, no, no,
But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hate all cruelty.
If all had been like me in fact,
There'd ha' been no occasion for Martin's act,
Dumb animals to prevent getting crack'd on the head.
For if I had a donkey who wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him—no, no, no ;
I'd give him some hay, and cry gee O !
And come up Ned-dy.

What makes me mention this, this morn
I seed that cruel chap, Bill Burn,
Whilst he was crying out his greens,
His donkey wollop with all his means ;
He hit him o'er his head and thighs,
He brought the tears up in his eyes—
At last my blood began to rise,
And I said—If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill turn'd and said to me, then perhaps,
You're one of these Mr. Martin's chaps,
What now is seeking for occasion,
All for to lie an information.
Though this I stoutly did deny,
And I replied, as I let fly
At his head—If I had a donkey, &c.

As Bill and I did break the peace,
To us came up some stout police,
And hiked us off, as sure as fate,
Afore a sitting Magistrate.
I told his worship all the spree,
And for to prove the veracity,
I wish'd he would the animal see.
For I said—If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill's donkey was ordered into court,
In which he caus'd a deal of sport,
He cock'd his ears, and op'd his jaws,
As if he wish'd to plead his cause.
I prov'd I'd been uncommonly kind,
The ass got a verdict—Bill got fined,
For his worship and I were of one mind.
And he said—If I had a donkey, &c.

Bill said—" your worship, its werry hard,
But 'tis n't the fine that I regard ;
But times are coming to a pretty pass,
When you must n't beat a stubborn ass."
His worship said nothing, but shut his book,
So Billy off his donkey took,
The same time giving me such a look,
If I said—Bill—If I had a donkey, &c.

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